CREATURES ON THE LOOSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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CREATURES ON THE LOOSE™

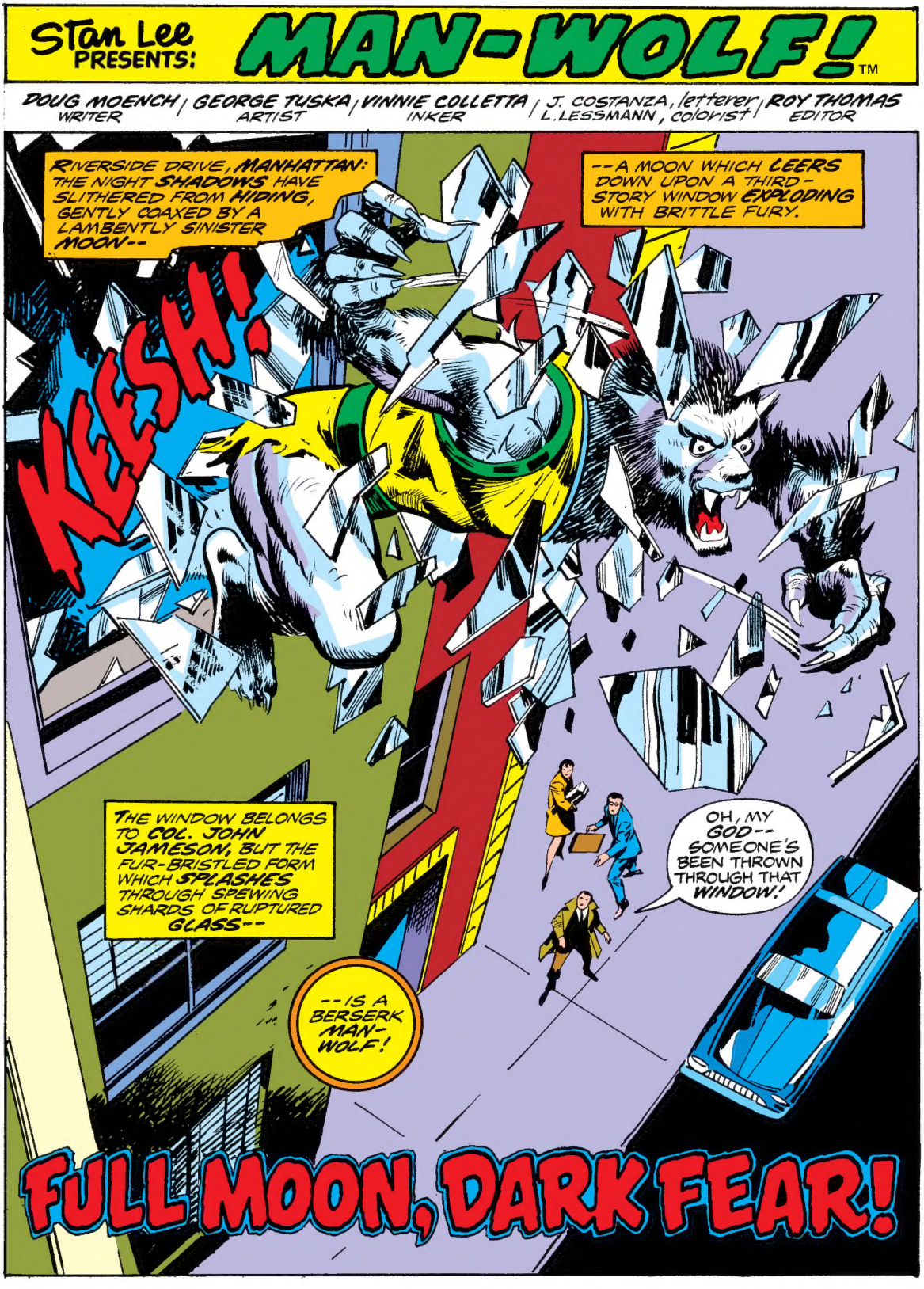
FEATURING

MAN-WOLF™

FULL MOON, DARK FEAR!

WHAT'S *WRONG*, HONEY? WHAT IS IT YOU SEE-- *BEHIND* US??

SPIDER-MAN'S WEREWOLF NEMESIS --NOW IN A SERIES ALL HIS OWN!


STan Lee PRESENTS:
MAN-WOLF!
TM
DOUG MOENCH / WRITER
GEORGE TUSKA / ARTIST
VINNIE COLLETTA / INKER
J. COSTANZA, letterer / L.LESSMANN, colorist
ROY THOMAS / EDITOR
RIVERSIDE DRIVE, MANHATTAN: THE NIGHT SHADOWS HAVE SLITHERED FROM HIDING, GENTLY COAXED BY A LAMBENTLY SINISTER MOON--
--A MOON WHICH LEERS DOWN UPON A THIRD-STORY WINDOW EXPLODING WITH BRITTLE FURY.
KEESH!
THE WINDOW BELONGS TO COL. JOHN JAMESON, BUT THE FUR-BRISTLED FORM WHICH SPLASHES THROUGH SPEWING SHARDS OF RUPTURED GLASS--
--IS A BERSERK MAN-WOLF!
OH, MY GOD-- SOMEONE'S BEEN THROWN THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
FULL MOON, DARK FEAR!

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BUT BEFORE WE FOLLOW THE MAN-WOLF'S FRENZIED PLUNGE, LET'S FLASH BACK TO THREE HOURS AGO, IN THE PLUSH OFFICE OF THE DAILY BUGLE'S PUBLISHER, J. JONAH JAMESON...
JOHN--SON--ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
SURE, DAD. I'M FINE... CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES..
BUT THE PENDANT--CAN'T YOU REMOVE IT SOMEHOW? SPIDER-MAN ONCE RIPPED IT LOOSE... *
NO, DAD... I'M AFRAID IT'S NOW PERMANENTLY GRAFTED INTO MY SKIN. MORBIUS SAW TO THAT. * *
* IN SPIDER-MAN #125, TO BE EXACT.
** GIANT-SIZE SUPER-HEROES #1. --ROY.
I SEE. WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SON. SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL FIND A WAY.
SURE, DAD--SOONER OR... LATER.
YES--AND THE THING TO DO NOW IS FORGET. GO HOME AND RELAX, IN YOUR--
"--APARTMENT."
RELAX. FORGET. DOESN'T HE REALIZE WHAT THE MOON DOES TO THE PENDANT...?
MAKES IT GLOW...
MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL...
MAKES ME BURN INSIDE...
MAKES ME--
--CHANGE!

A RAGGED GROWL SCRAPES FROM THE CREATURE'S THROAT...
GURRRH!
...A GROWL WHICH SIGNIFIES THE UTTER TRANSFORMATION FROM ANGUISHED MAN TO REMORSELESS BEAST...

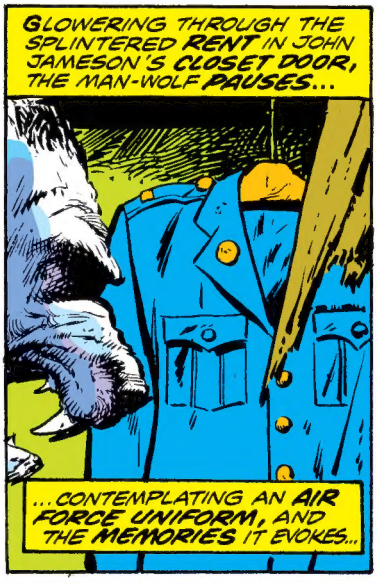
...A BEAST WHICH TENSES RAGE-FIRED SINEWS--
--AND, AS THOUGH OBLITERATING THE LAST VESTIGE OF THE MAN IT HAS DISPLACED, RIPS JOHN JAMESON'S CIVILIAN ATTIRE FROM ITS GRIZZLED BACK...

...REVEALING A RADIATION-SCREENING SUIT--

--WHICH HAS PROVEN TO BE, THIS NIGHT, MOST INEFFECTUAL.

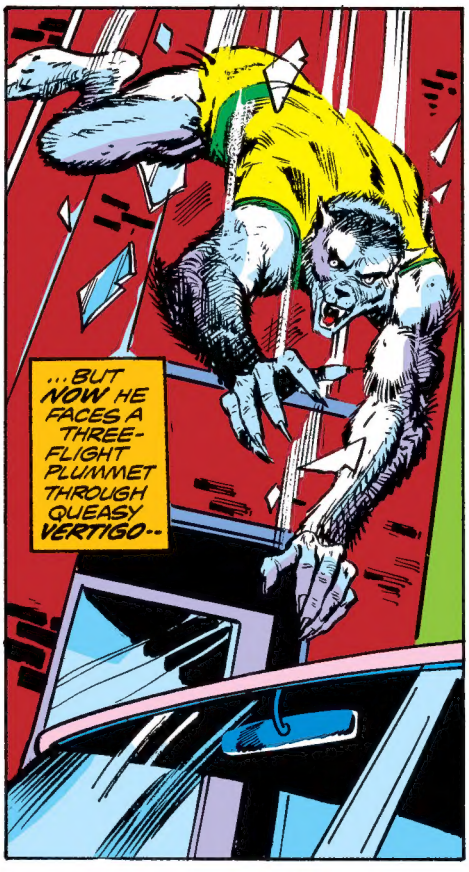
SKAYSH!

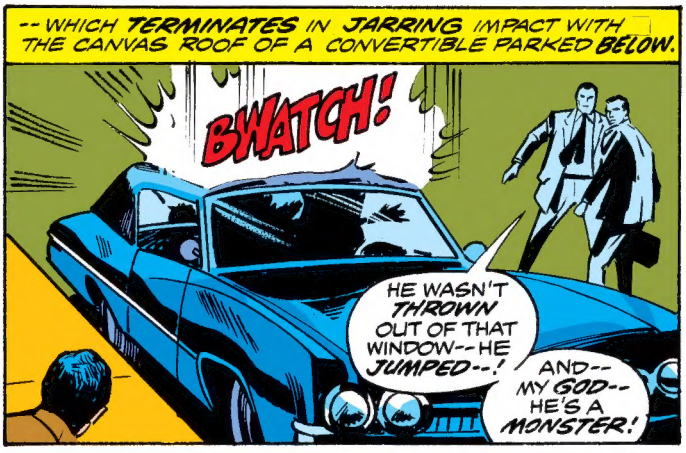
SKRAKT!

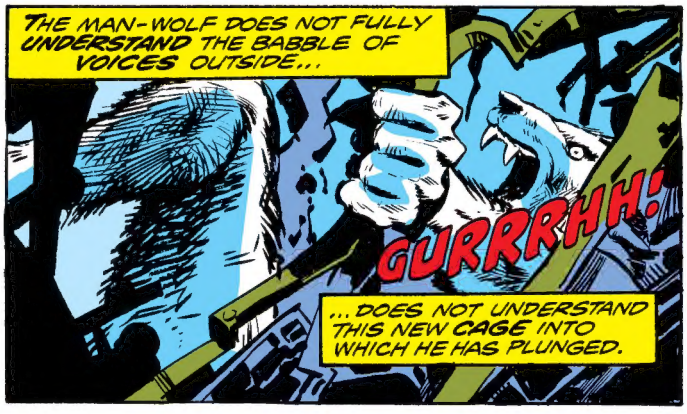

GLOWERING THROUGH THE SPLINTERED RENT IN JOHN JAMESON'S CLOSET DOOR, THE MAN-WOLF PAUSES...
...CONTEMPLATING AN AIR FORCE UNIFORM, AND THE MEMORIES IT EVOKES...

...HARSHLY GLARING MEMORIES OF NASA, AND OF A FLIGHT TO THE MOON.
THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE MAN-WOLF SHREDS THOSE MEMORIES ...WITH BESTIAL VENGEANCE.

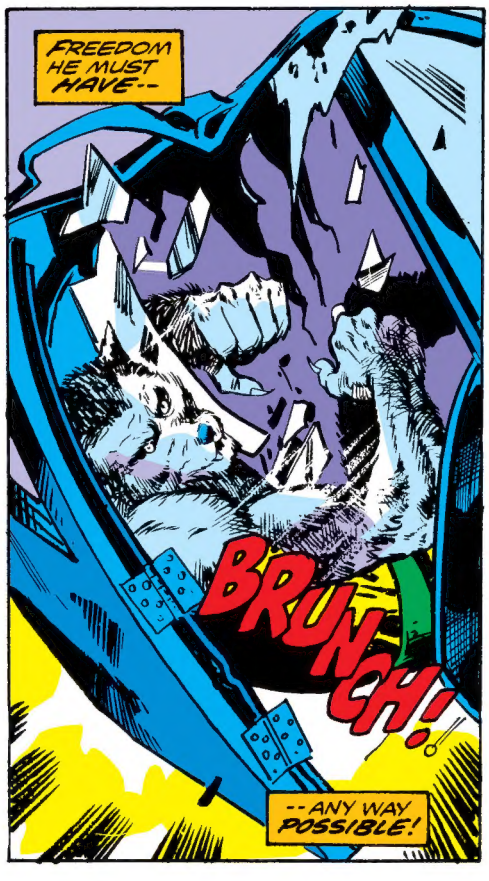
VOLATILE ENERGY SEETHES THROUGH THE MAN-WOLF'S WIRY FRAME-- BOUNDLESS, BERSERK ENERGY WHICH SEEKS A SINGLE OUTLET OF--
KRASH!
--DESTRUCTION.
EACH NEW OBJECT IN THIS STRANGE CAGE SEEMS CREATED FOR DESTRUCTION...
...EVEN THE FRAMED PORTRAIT OF JOHN JAMESON'S FIANCÉE.
To John Love Christine
THE MAN-WOLF HATES THE PORTRAIT... DESPISES THE SWEETLY SMILING GIRL IN IT...
WORSE-- HE RECOGNIZES THE GIRL FOR WHAT SHE IS...
SKREESH!
...AND THIS FACT CAUSES PART OF HIS MIND TO CRACK--
--AND HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF THROUGH A GLOSSY SHEET OF GLASS.
PERHAPS, FOR A MOMENT, THE MAN-WOLF HAD GLIMPSED HIS OWN REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW... AND COULD NOT FACE IT.
PERHAPS...


...BUT NOW HE FACES A THREE-FLIGHT PLUMMET THROUGH QUEASY VERTIGO--


--WHICH TERMINATES IN JARRING IMPACT WITH THE CANVAS ROOF OF A CONVERTIBLE PARKED BELOW.
BWATCH!
HE WASN'T THROWN OUT OF THAT WINDOW--HE JUMPED--!
AND--MY GOD--HE'S A MONSTER!


THE MAN-WOLF DOES NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND THE BABBLE OF VOICES OUTSIDE...
GURRRHH!
...DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THIS NEW CAGE INTO WHICH HE HAS PLUNGED.

HE UNDERSTANDS ONLY THAT HE MUST ESCAPE--
--AND CLAWS URGENTLY FOR THE FREEDOM WHICH TAUNTS HIM FROM BEYOND THE WIND-SHIELD.

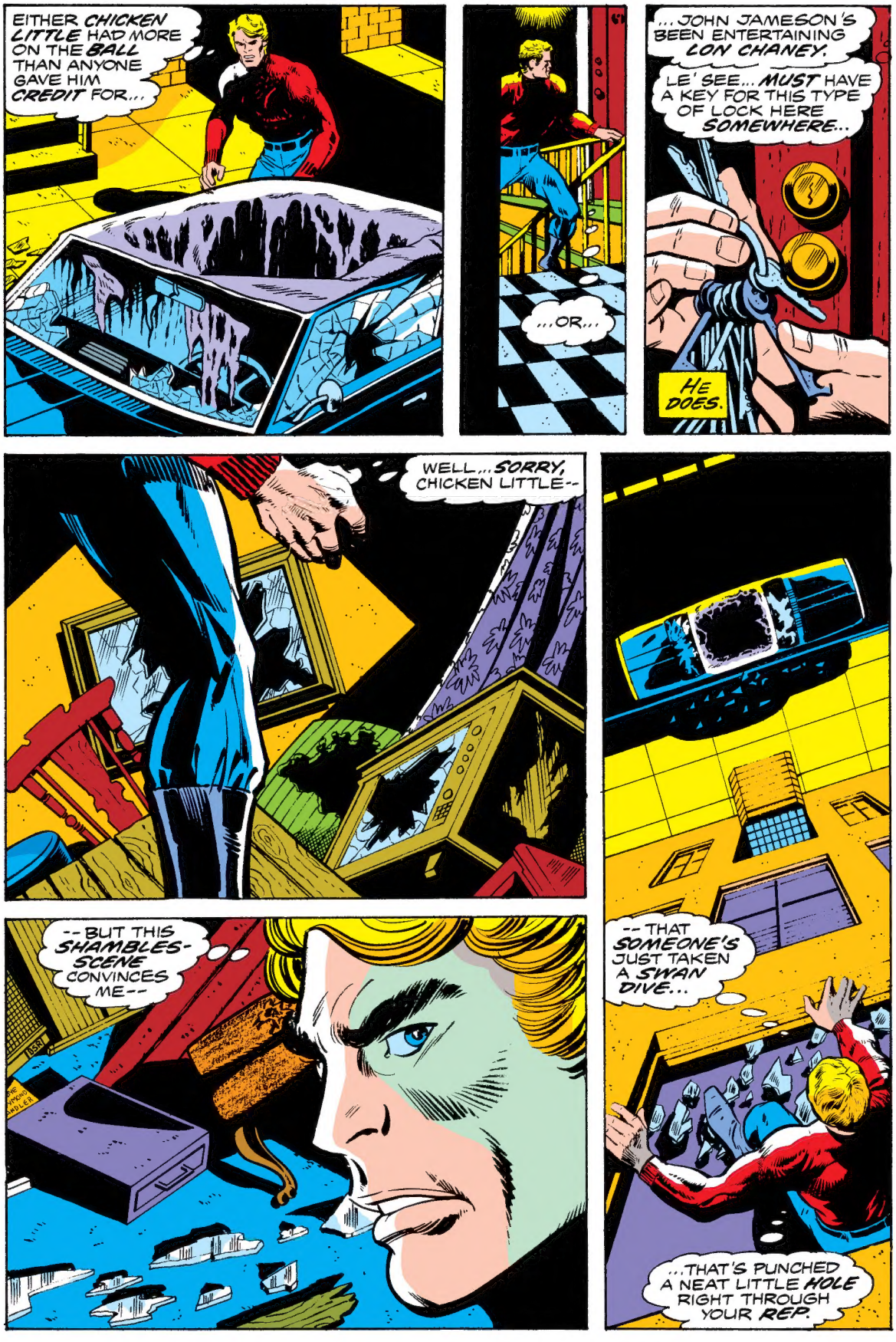

FREEDOM HE MUST HAVE--
BRUNCH!
--ANY WAY POSSIBLE!

FREEDOM... TO CHASE THE MOON.
IT'S...IT'S LIKE SOMETHING FROM A HORROR MOVIE... LIKE A--

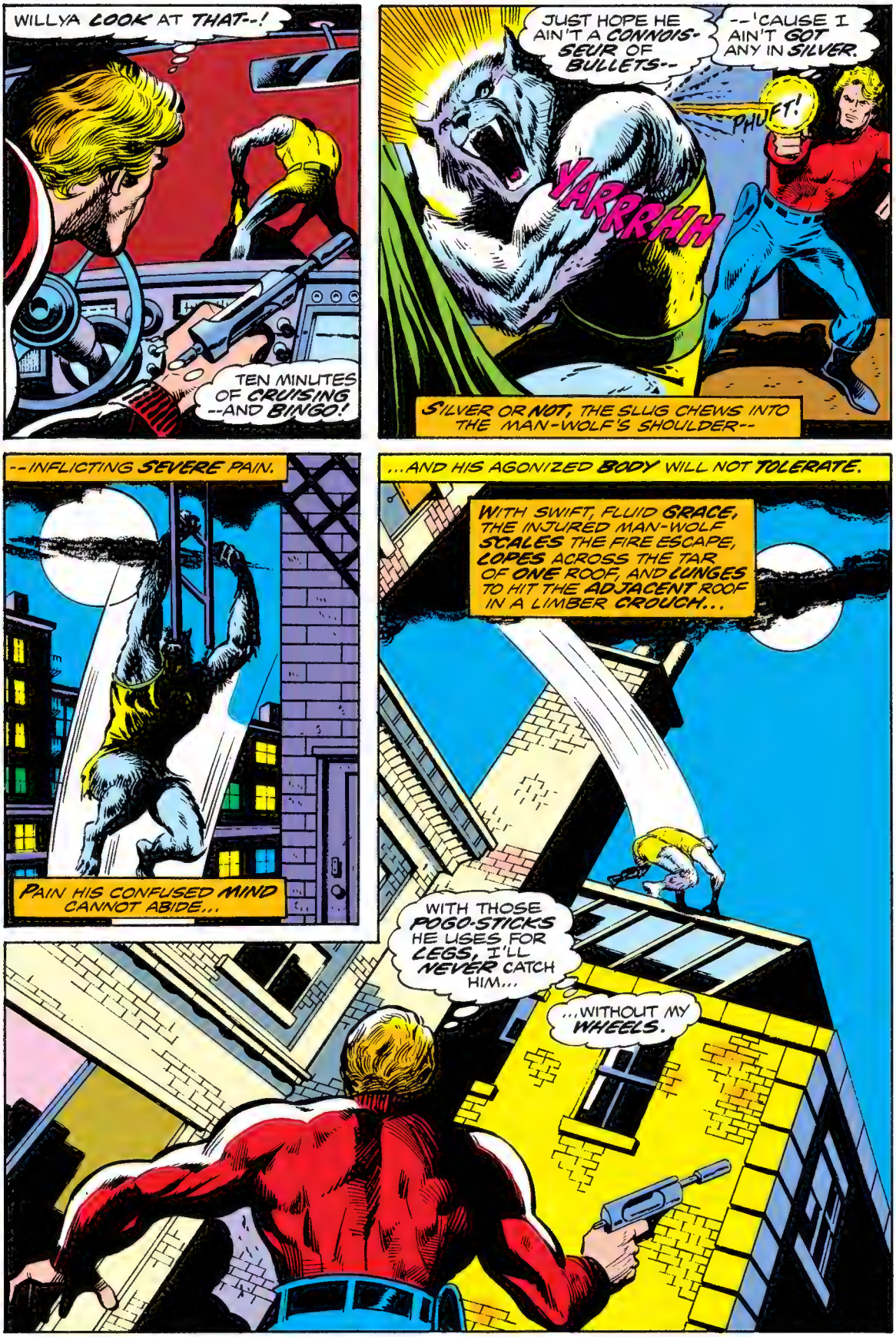
30TH PRECINCT
--WEREWOLF, STROUD. AND DON'T LAUGH-- MY EARS HAVE BEEN STUFFED WITH GUFFAWS.
NOW... SINCE YOU'RE THE HOT-SHOT BOY-WONDER OF THE SPECIAL TASK-FORCE, I FIGURE YOU'RE THE BEST-EQUIPPED MAN FOR THIS INVESTIGATION.
YOU MUST'VE BEEN AN ACE AT 'RITHMETIC, LIEUTENANT... 'CAUSE YOUR FIGURING'S PERFECT. I EAT WEREWOLVES FOR BREAKFAST.
30
CUT THE COMEDY, STROUD-- AND LISTEN TO WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY.
J. JONAH JAMESON-- PUBLISHER OF THE BUGLE-- WAS ATTACKED BY AN ALLEGED WEREWOLF... ALTHOUGH HE WON'T ADMIT IT--
--AND THIS SHRED OF MATERIAL WAS RETRIEVED FROM THE SCENE BY ONE OF OUR MEN.
PRELIMINARY LAB ANALYSIS ESTABLISHES IT AS A SYNTHETIC FABRIC USED TO SCREEN RADIATION...
...THE KIND OF FABRIC NASA USES TO OUTFIT ITS ASTRO-NAUTS.
J. JONAH JAMESON'S SON IS AN ASTRONAUT...
AND YOU THINK THIS "WEREWOLF" DUDE MAY HAVE ATTACKED THE SON... AND THAT JONAH HAS BUTTONED HIS LIPS TO PROTECT THE KID...?
RIGHT. THE SON'S NAME IS JOHN... ABOUT 28 YEARS OLD, GOOD BUILD...
I'LL GET YOU HIS ADDRESS FROM THE FILES...

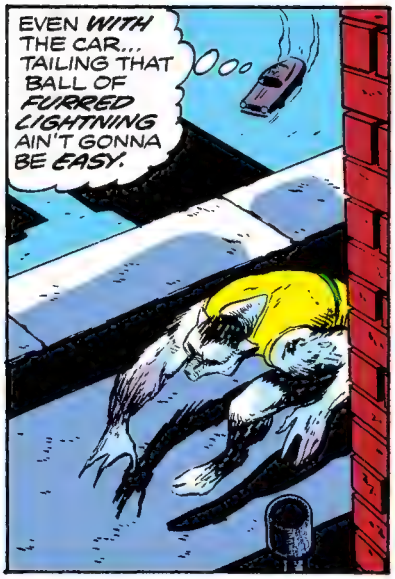
LIEUTENANT! JUST GOT A CALL-- SOME PEDESTRIANS HAVE REPORTED A WEREWOLF-- NEAR RIVERSIDE AND 77TH.
THAT'S THE SON'S ADDRESS--!
AND THAT'S THE BEST CUE THAT'S EVER SLAMMED ME OVER THE HEAD.
BE CAREFUL, STROUD. YOU'RE NOT IN THE CIA ANYMORE-- THIS IS ROUGH STUFF.
WHAT'S HE THINK-- SMASHING FOREIGN DICTATORS IS A PICNIC?
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT J. JONAH JAMESON MAKES FIDEL LOOK LIKE A CUB-SCOUTER.
BUT IF I CAN'T PIN HIS EARS TO THE WALL, THEN MY NAME ISN'T--
SIMON STROUD? NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
LOOK, BETTY-- HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? WE'VE GOT A MIDNIGHT DEADLINE TO MEET-- AND I DON'T STAY HERE AFTER HOURS JUST SO I'LL HAVE TIME FOR EVERY SCROUNGY DEADBEAT WHO SCHLEPS IN OFF THE STREET!
HMPH-- GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF TH--
JAMESON, I'M ONE "SCROUNGY DEADBEAT" YOU DO HAVE TIME FOR! SOME QUESTIONS--
NUMBER ONE: WHY IS IT THAT EVERY SLEAZY RAG-SHEET IN TOWN-- EXCEPT YOURS-- CARRIED THIS STORY OF YOUR ATTACK BY A WEREWOLF?

WELL... I-IT WOULD'VE BEEN ADVERSE PUBLICITY...
NUMBER TWO: WHAT WAS THIS TATTER FROM AN ASTRONAUT'S UNIFORM DOING AT THE SCENE OF YOUR ASSAULT?
AND NUMBER THREE: ISN'T YOUR SON AN ASTRONAUT--?!
...MY... MY SON...?
YOU LEAVE MY SON OUT OF THIS! HE'S DONE NOTHING TO HARM ANYBODY!
JUST AS I THOUGHT...
MY NEXT STOP IS YOUR SON'S PLACE!
JOHN... GOD HELP YOU, SON...
TIME-LAPSE, TEN MINUTES: SIMON STROUD'S SLEEK SPORTS CAR SCREECHES TO A FISHTAILED HALT AT THE CORNER OF 77TH AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE...
...IN FRONT OF JOHN JAMESON'S BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING.

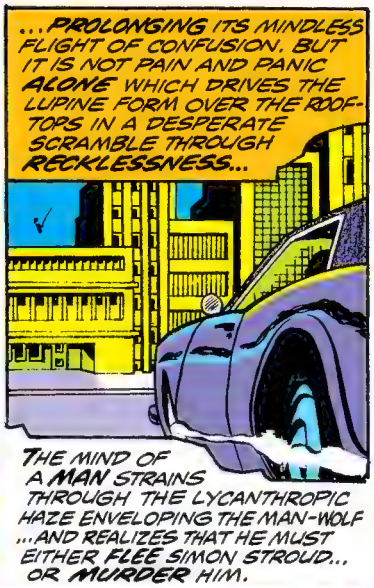

EITHER CHICKEN LITTLE HAD MORE ON THE BALL THAN ANYONE GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR...
...OR...
...JOHN JAMESON'S BEEN ENTERTAINING LON CHANEY.
LE' SEE... MUST HAVE A KEY FOR THIS TYPE OF LOCK HERE SOMEWHERE...
HE DOES.
WELL... SORRY, CHICKEN LITTLE--
-- BUT THIS SHAMBLES-SCENE CONVINCES ME--
-- THAT SOMEONE'S JUST TAKEN A SWAN DIVE...
...THAT'S PUNCHED A NEAT LITTLE HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR REP.

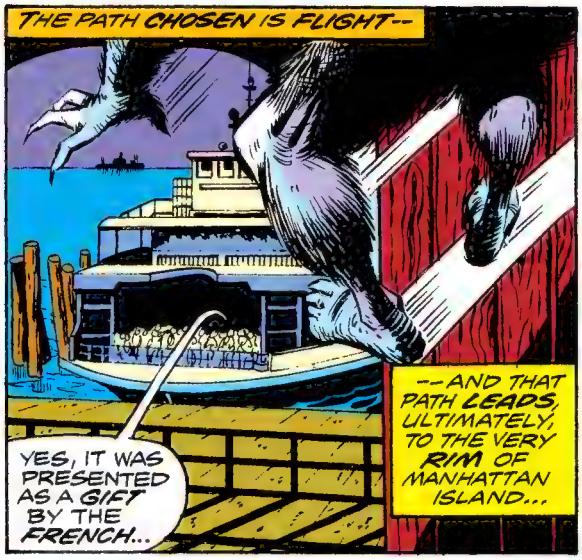
AND THAT FULL MOON TELLS ME, THAT "SOMEONE" JUST MIGHTA BEEN ONE OF LON CHANEY'S RELATIVES.
THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT A NIGHT FOR--
"--MOONSTRUCK COVERS."
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT, LISA?
UM.
NICE COUPLE, HUH, QUINT?
YEAH-- TOO BAD IT JUST AIN'T THEIR NIGHT!
ALL RIGHT-- FREEZE OR BLEED! AND HAND OVER YOUR--
GURRRH
UH..., QUINT...?
ROWRRH!
TURN YOUR HEAD, LISA--AND DON'T COOK! GOD, JUST DON'T LOOK!

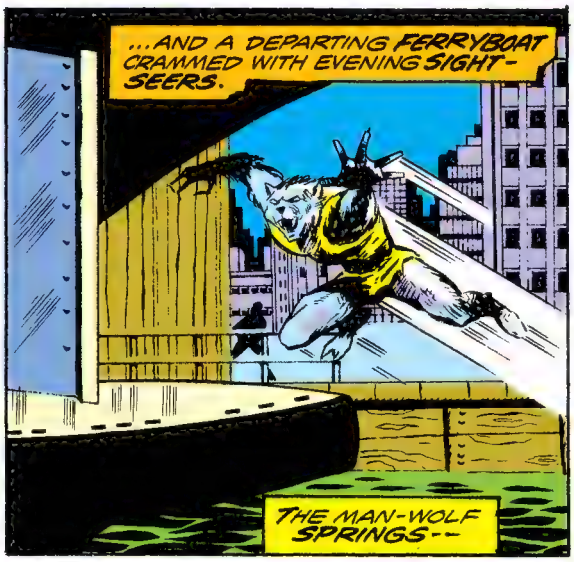

WILLYA LOOK AT THAT--!
TEN MINUTES OF CRUISING --AND BINGO!
JUST HOPE HE AIN'T A CONNOIS-SEUR OF BULLETS--
--'CAUSE I AIN'T GOT ANY IN SILVER.
PHUFT!
YARRRHH
SILVER OR NOT, THE SLUG CHEWS INTO THE MAN-WOLF'S SHOULDER--
--INFLICTING SEVERE PAIN.
PAIN HIS CONFUSED MIND CANNOT ABIDE...
...AND HIS AGONIZED BODY WILL NOT TOLERATE.
WITH SWIFT, FLUID GRACE, THE INJURED MAN-WOLF SCALES THE FIRE ESCAPE, LOPES ACROSS THE TAR OF ONE ROOF, AND LUNGES TO HIT THE ADJACENT ROOF IN A LIMBER CROUCH...
WITH THOSE POGO-STICKS HE USES FOR LEGS, I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM...
...WITHOUT MY WHEELS.


EVEN WITH THE CAR... TAILING THAT BALL OF FURRED LIGHTNING AIN'T GONNA BE EASY.

AND STILL THE MOON SMUGLY LEERS DOWN ON THE CITY--
--SEEMING TO ISOLATE A SINGLE FORM AMONG MILLIONS, BATHING THAT FORM--DRENCHING IT--WITH EERIE RADIATION...

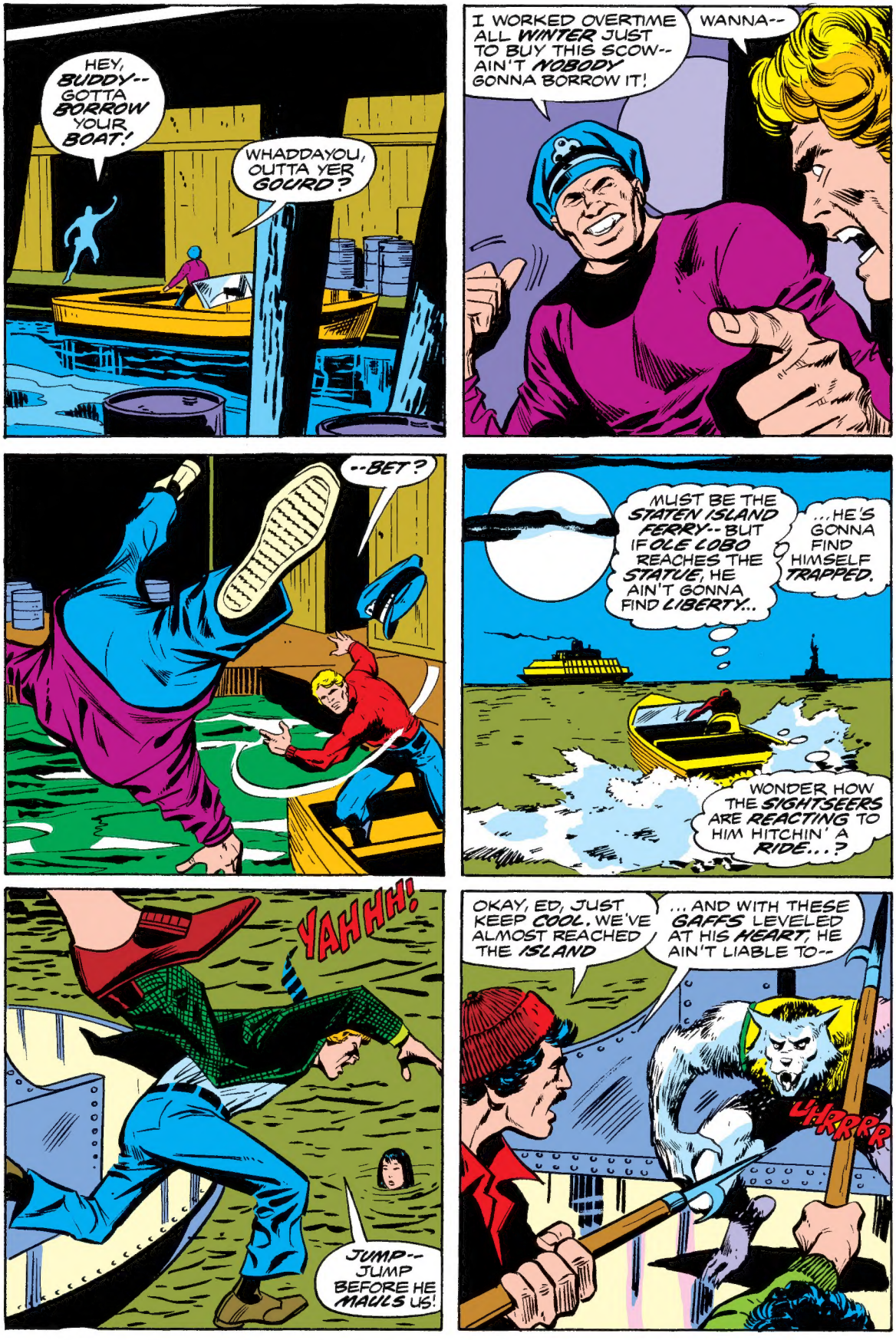

...PROLONGING ITS MINDLESS FLIGHT OF CONFUSION. BUT IT IS NOT PAIN AND PANIC ALONE WHICH DRIVES THE LUPINE FORM OVER THE ROOFTOPS IN A DESPERATE SCRAMBLE THROUGH RECKLESSNESS...
THE MIND OF A MAN STRAINS THROUGH THE LYCANTHROPIC HAZE ENVELOPING THE MAN-WOLF ...AND REALIZES THAT HE MUST EITHER FLEE SIMON STROUD... OR MURDER HIM.

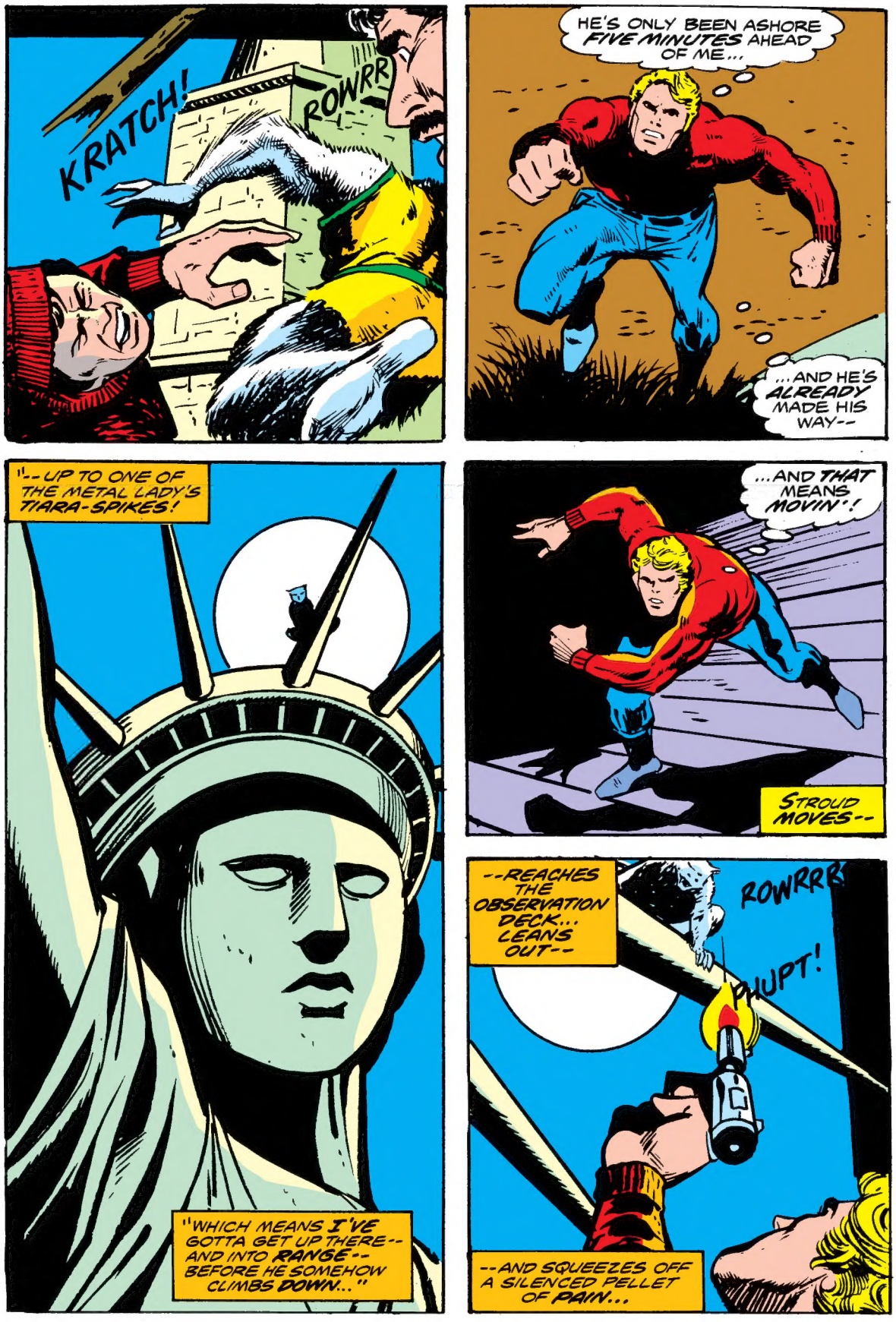

THE PATH CHOSEN IS FLIGHT--
YES, IT WAS PRESENTED AS A GIFT BY THE FRENCH...
--AND THAT PATH LEADS, ULTIMATELY, TO THE VERY RIM OF MANHATTAN ISLAND...

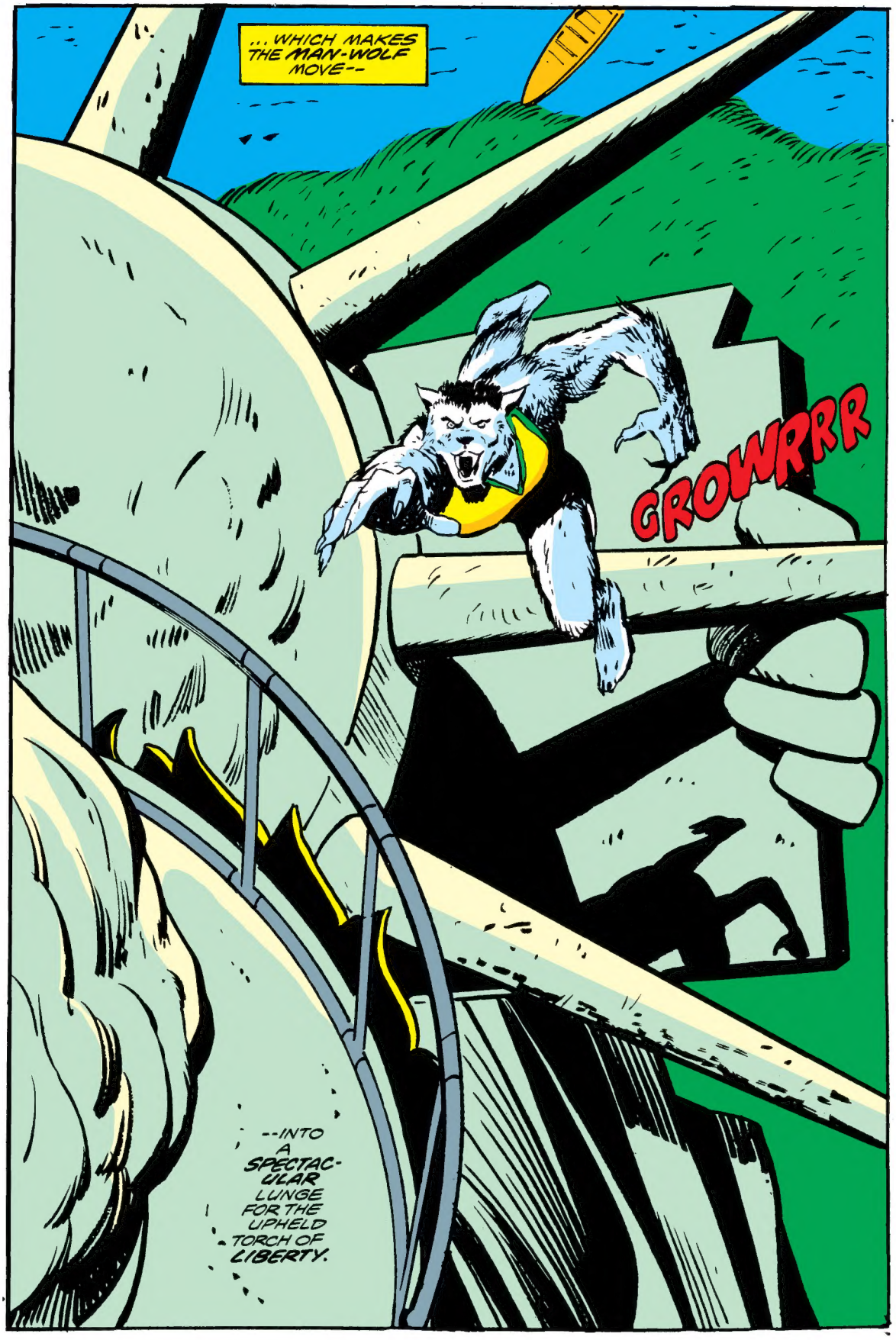

...AND A DEPARTING FERRYBOAT CRAMMED WITH EVENING SIGHTSEERS.
THE MAN-WOLF SPRINGS--

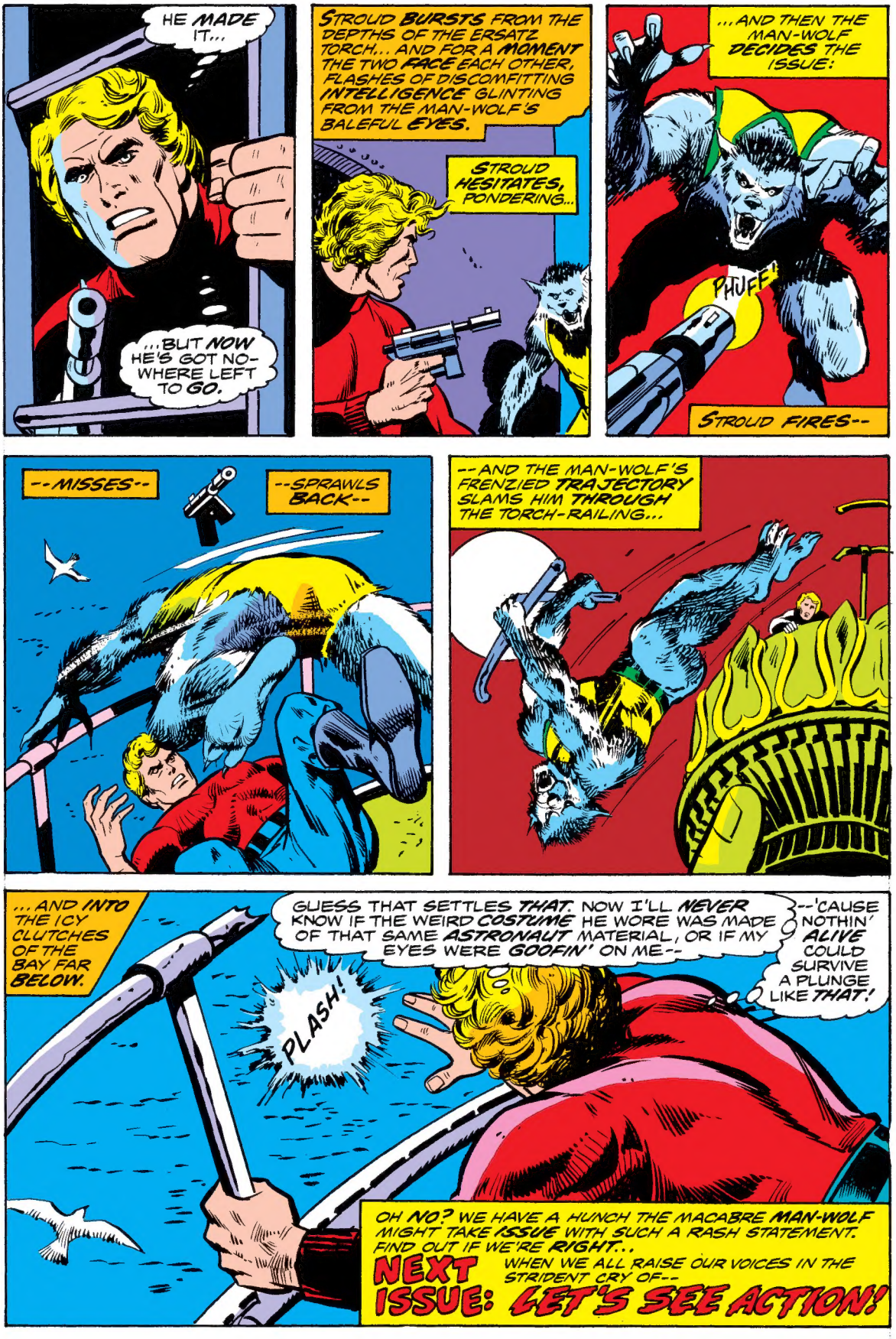
--AND JOINS THE SIGHTSEERS.
...MEANT TO BE A SYMBOL OF--
OBOY.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
THAT MANGY CUR JUST SET A NEW BROAD-JUMPING RECORD... BY DOUBLE THE OLD DISTANCE.


HEY, BUDDY-- GOTTA BORROW YOUR BOAT!
WHADDAYOU, OUTTA YER GOURD?
I WORKED OVERTIME ALL WINTER JUST TO BUY THIS SCOW-- AIN'T NOBODY GONNA BORROW IT!
WANNA--
--BET?
MUST BE THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-- BUT IF OLE LOBO REACHES THE STATUE, HE AIN'T GONNA FIND LIBERTY...
...HE'S GONNA FIND HIMSELF TRAPPED.
WONDER HOW THE SIGHTSEERS ARE REACTING TO HIM HITCHIN' A RIDE...?
YAHHH!
JUMP-- JUMP BEFORE HE MAULS US!
OKAY, ED, JUST KEEP COOL. WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THE ISLAND
...AND WITH THESE GAFFS LEVELED AT HIS HEART, HE AIN'T LIABLE TO--
HRRRR


KRATCH!
ROWRR
HE'S ONLY BEEN ASHORE FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF ME...
...AND HE'S ALREADY MADE HIS WAY--
"--UP TO ONE OF THE METAL LADY'S TIARA-SPIKES!
"WHICH MEANS I'VE GOTTA GET UP THERE-- AND INTO RANGE-- BEFORE HE SOMEHOW CLIMBS DOWN..."
...AND THAT MEANS MOVIN'!
STROUD MOVES--
--REACHES THE OBSERVATION DECK... LEANS OUT--
ROWRRR
PHUPT!
--AND SQUEEZES OFF A SILENCED PELLET OF PAIN...


...WHICH MAKES THE MAN-WOLF MOVE--
GROWRRR
--INTO A SPECTACULAR LUNGE FOR THE UPHELD TORCH OF LIBERTY.


HE MADE IT...
...BUT NOW HE'S GOT NO-WHERE LEFT TO GO.
STROUD BURSTS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE ERSATZ TORCH... AND FOR A MOMENT THE TWO FACE EACH OTHER, FLASHES OF DISCOMFITTING INTELLIGENCE GLINTING FROM THE MAN-WOLF'S BALEFUL EYES.
STROUD HESITATES, PONDERING...
...AND THEN THE MAN-WOLF DECIDES THE ISSUE:
PHUFF!
STROUD FIRES--
--MISSES--
--SPRAWLS BACK--
--AND THE MAN-WOLF'S FRENZIED TRAJECTORY SLAMS HIM THROUGH THE TORCH-RAILING...
...AND INTO THE ICY CLUTCHES OF THE BAY FAR BELOW.
GUESS THAT SETTLES THAT. NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW IF THE WEIRD COSTUME HE WORE WAS MADE OF THAT SAME ASTRONAUT MATERIAL, OR IF MY EYES WERE GOOFIN' ON ME--
--'CAUSE NOTHIN' ALIVE COULD SURVIVE A PLUNGE LIKE THAT!
PLASH!
OH NO? WE HAVE A HUNCH THE MACABRE MAN-WOLF MIGHT TAKE ISSUE WITH SUCH A RASH STATEMENT. FIND OUT IF WE'RE RIGHT...
NEXT ISSUE:
WHEN WE ALL RAISE OUR VOICES IN THE STRIDENT CRY OF--
LET'S SEE ACTION!